

GOVERNOR TRASK HIT ONCE.**AN EXPELLED SNUG HARBOR INMATE TAKES THREE SHOTS AT HIM.****After Being Struck the Governor Chases His Assailant, Chokes Him, Takes Away His Pistol, and Holds Him for the Police—The Police Looking for Accomplices.**

Gov. G. D. S. Trask of the Sailor's Snug Harbor at New Brighton, S. L., a man 60 years of age and of medium build, was shot at three times yesterday by Enoch R. Anderson, formerly an inmate of the institution, and although struck and painfully hurt by one bullet, he chased his assailant fifty yards, caught him, flung him down on a bench, throttled him with one hand, wrenched his revolver away from the other, and held him so until two of the scores or more of terrified men, who were looking on, plucked up courage enough to come to his assistance.

Anderson was about Gov. Trask's age and height, but was not quite so heavy. The shooting was a deliberate attempt to murder, some things go to show it was the result of a conspiracy, and that Anderson was selected by a gang to do the deed. He refused absolutely to say anything about his action. The police are looking for several men suspected of being accessories.

Gov. Trask walked from the institution to the Snug Harbor Railroad station with Capt. Ambrose Snow, one of the trustees of the Harbor, in time to meet the 4:42 P. M. train for New York. Anderson had been noticed hanging about the place during the day. Just after Gov. Trask and Capt. Snow passed into the station house he entered also, bought his ticket, put it into the box, and stood by the stove, apparently waiting for the train. When it came he passed out with the other passengers as if to take it. Gov. Trask accompanied Capt. Snow to the platform and saw him on the train. When it started the Governor walked back to the east end of the platform and started to ascend the steep flight of steps leading up at right angles to the station and the street. A woman who had just come from the station house was walking along the platform when she saw someone else about the platform, but when the Governor had gone up one or two steps he saw a man leaning against the wall of the station house. It was Anderson, who had hid behind and waited there instead of taking the train, the man thrust out his pistol and said, "This is a revolver, and a woman's life is at stake." The Governor was a horseman case, and she was let alone.

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The Governor was about four feet from him and a step or two below him. The bullet hit him in the shoulder, and he fell, and it was the Governor, in the right side, in the region of the stomach. As quickly as he could pull the trigger Anderson fired two shots, the aim, and both bullets went wide. Before a fourth shot could be fired Gov. Trask's hand was firmly grasped, and he was hustled through the mob on Pell street with a celebrity.

At 10th Street the police found ten white girls under 20 years old. Two or three were very well dressed and dressed prettily. They all said they were from the Harbor, and that some of them were under 16 years old, and they could not be held. When they were released after him, however, and caught him before he had run half way along the platform. He threw him into the water, and his grasp on his pistol with one hand, bent his head back until the man was nearly strangled. With the other hand he grasped the pistol in Anderson's hand and struggled with him for its possession.

The woman who had been near the men when the shooting took place rushed into the station, and she nearly went into convulsions when she reached the station. Her cries and the sounds of the shots attracted a third party, but the police were not there. There were also several men on the platform on the other side of the track. They all stood gazing on the scene, making no move except to watch the progress of the fight. Gov. Trask's strength was rapidly giving away from the effect of the shock, and from the heat of the bullet being painfully obvious in his side. He called for help and begged somebody to run to the Harbor entrance for a physician. A Chinaman, who had decided to be the proprietor of the joint, he was hustled through the mob on Pell street with a celebrity.

At the Elizabeth street station the four girls and the Chinaman, who had been arrested, were taken to the station house, and the Governor, who had been shot, was admitted to the hospital.

He told them that if he ever caught them again living with Chinamen, who under previous circumstances had been shot, he would see them no more for three months to the island. Then the five were released.

It was demonstrated that there was no truth in many complaints made to the society to the effect that girls of 14 and 15 years are kept in these places by Chinamen for immoral purposes.

TERRORE IN PELL AND DOYER STREETS.**Six Opium Joints Raided and Four Women and a Chinaman Arrested and Let Go.****Chinatown was turned upside down and inside out by the police last night. A series of raids by officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Central Office and ward detectives kept the inhabitants of Pell and Doyer streets in terror all the evening. The raids were the result of many complaints which have come to the society from people who have seen young white girls frequenting Chinese joints in the neighborhood. Hundreds of Chinamen live in the tenements around the corner of Pell and Doyer streets, and scores of white women live or visit there. No doubt opium smoking is the principal attraction which draws both men and women there. Assistant Superintendent Stockton of the Children's Society arranged for a sudden descent upon half a dozen of these places. Forty policemen in three squads made the raid at about 9 o'clock. The places visited were 9, 11, and 19 Pell street and 9, 11, and 17 Doyer street.**

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A DAILY HOME WEDDING.

Mrs. Eleanor Brown Married to Mr. John Wesley Harper—A Clerical Service.

It was a notable wedding yesterday at the home of Mr. Frederick T. Brown at 673 Madison avenue, where 150 members of the Harper family of Boston met to celebrate the marriage of Mr. John Wesley Harper, senior member of Harper Brothers, and Eleanor Empson Brown, daughter of Mr. Frederick T. Brown. Banks of roses and lilies filled the room, and the bridegroom, who had been suspended for a short time, was in full bloom.

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